

Agriculture --- Florida's Opportunity

Conducted by W. E. Pabor

Among the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"And lo! in a flash of crimson splendor, with
blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot
and heralding his majestic approach, the sun
rises upon the world."
—Thackeray.

And so, in its weekly entrance, with bright and
up-to-date departments in all that appertains to the
home, the farm, the grove, the vineyard, the garden,
into the households of the land THE SUN rises and
goes forth upon its mission. May its shining in the
reading world be as welcome as is that of its proto-
type in the material sphere.

PRELUDE.

The farmers are the founders of civilization.—
Daniel Webster.

He who owns the soil, owns up to the sky.—
Jewenal.

An agricultural life is one eminently calculated
for human happiness and human virtue.—Josiah
Quincy.

The sun, which ripens the corn and fills the suc-
culent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty
the violet and the rose.—J. C. Abbott.

Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our
toil

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

—Pope.

A Colorado exchange tells of a wonderful dis-
covery "by certain parties connected with the Horti-
cultural Society of that State, while visiting the
Western Slopes. "At Palisade the members of the
party discovered something new that has not yet
reached the market. They are raising a cantaloupe
that has the flavor of bananas and is known as the
banana cantaloupe. It is in appearance like a

squash and has a thick flesh inside. Samples are to
be sent to the State house." An old, old story. The
banana muskmelon has been in the seedsmen's cat-
alogues for a score of years. The writer of this
raised them—as a novelty—in Grand Valley. So
the "something new" is something old, after all.

There seems to be an opinion abroad that sugar
can be extracted from the sweet potato as easily
and as profitably as from the beet or the cane, pro-
vided it is bred up to a content of treble its present
content of saccharine. The Philadelphia Public
Ledger has called attention to this, and efforts are
being made by the Landreths of Philadelphia and
other parties to get the Department of Agriculture
to experiment with it.

Peacherine. Sounds like a drink, don't it? But
it isn't. One John Phillpott of Lodi, Cali, has mar-
ried a peach to a nectarine, with this result: A
firm, sweet-meated fruit, with a palpable blend of
the two fruit flavors of its parent. Wonder if it
will grow in Florida? Then we can call for peacher-
ine and cream in ours, and get it—may be.

This is what a sweet singer of songs has to say
of the farmer:

"His throne is a stack of the sweet-smelling hay,
His crown is the gold of the carrot and corn,
His scepter a sheaf of his newly-cut wheat,

His audience chamber the meadows of morn.
The oats and the barley await his command

Their slender green spears from the darkness to
bring;

The orchards drop apples of gold at his feet,
And all nature proclaims that the farmer is
king."

But Edwin Markham of The Man With the Hoe
fame seemed to have a different opinion of him. It
all depends on the point of view—the independence
of the one and the dependence of the other marks the
difference between the "king" and the "clod."

Will the drainage of the Everglades decrease the
alligator crop as well as the depth of water in Lake
Okeechobee? One man alone recently brought into
Fort Myers 1,270 hides, while a month previous his
load was 800. So in four weeks he must have

rounded up his thousand and more, for which he
received nearly as many silver plunks. Of course,
he was the "middle man" between the 'gator hunter,
Indian and Floridian, and the merchant who bought
of him, to the profit, no doubt, of all concerned.
But at this rate, how soon will the alligator be
extinct in Florida?

Secretary Wilson has a new fad—the education
of the negro; teaching him to work. A Government
experiment farm is to be established in Virginia,
where knowledge of the soil will be carefully taught
to negroes. Cotton picking is to give way to pickles
and onions. Wonderful scheme.

Says Edison, the inventor, in a recent interview:
"The country is food-drunk. I have investigated the
subject enough to discover that a man can't do good,
clear, logical brain work with his stomach full of
undigested food. The fact is, people eat too much,
and don't work enough. Men eat and sleep them-
selves stupid. Sometimes they eat and sleep them-
selves into the grave." But something could be said
on the other side of the question.

The fact that more than five hundred mowing ma-
chines have been needed in Columbia County this
season to harvest the hay crop is a gratifying one;
it tells us that the farmers there are learning to
keep their hay money at home, which is a sign of
progress in the right direction.

The Times-Union Short Talks man says that
"The horny-handed agriculturists will now soon pro-
ceed to excavate from the bosom of Mother Earth
the 'taters' whose running vines have through all the
good old summertime covered the long rows in the
'cow pen' with a mantle of living green. When dug,
the crop will be carefully deposited in the usual
'tater bank,' upon which the aforesaid agriculturist
will 'draw' as occasion requires." But the fact is
the sweet potato crop this season is a short one,
owing to the flooded condition of vast areas of the
flatwoods land, and there will be many "horny-
handed agriculturists" who are short on sweet spuds
to an extent not experienced for many years.

(Continued on Fourteenth Page)

Femininity and the Home Circle

Conducted by Helen Harcourt

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Everybody is busy these days "getting ready for
Christmas," and many are the anxious ones who are
seeking to solve the problem of "how to do it." Not
only what to give, but how to give it. This last is
a problem that comes especially within the province
of those who are in charge of large numbers of chil-
dren, such as schools, Sunday or day, and homes and

the funnier, scraps of rags, and all sorts of things
of no value. But, as Santa calmly explains, all is
fish that comes to his mill, and all these queer things
will be presently transformed by the magic grind-
stones into nice gifts and candies for little folks.

Others of the Brownies are playing tricks on each
other and on the busy ones, even dumping some of
the latter into the hopper as they bend over it:

secured. A second circular piece will be needed on
the inside, with a rim that will hold a belt.

A bicycle resting on a frame that just clears
the floor, will furnish the motive power for the arms.
One tire should be removed, so that an endless rope
or belt may be placed in the rim and connected with
the wooden wheel inside the mill, which must be
firmly fastened to the frame.